

oppressed when we read of the experiences of others and have many times so little of this experience ourselves. The question readily follows, where lies the fault? What shall be the remedy? Various answers might be given. One would say, "a lack of consecration." Another, "we are not fully converted." And a third would answer, "selfishness." Each would have remedies according to the disease. But I am inclined the fault does not always lie in either of the above answers. But may lie in the fact that we are human, heir to human weakness. Our environments, or our day's experience may be the fault. Not a lack of consecration, or conversion, or selfishness, but purely human weakness. And I do not think we commit a great wrong when we thus feel, if our motives and intentions and efforts are meant right. "For our heavenly Father knoweth what we are in need of better than we do ourselves." We know not how to ask, and ask aright always. Whether human weakness is a sin is a question. John the Baptist sent messengers to Christ to inquire "whether he was the one that was to come or do I look for another." He certainly was consecrated, converted, and unselfish, he had witnessed the Holy Spirit descending in the form of a dove and sitting on Jesus, he had immersed him in the Jordan, he said as Jesus passed by "Behold the lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Our Savior also in the garden prayed "Father if it be thy will remove this cup from me," and on the cross uttered the lonely petition, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Evidently in both of the above cases it was human weakness, and no sin connected with it. Now I said in my introduction that there is something wrong if we fail to feel the presence of God while in prayer. If Jesus had not said, "Lo, I am with you always even to the end of the world," and that the Holy Spirit shall be in you, I should answer there is no remedy for these depressed hours. But how to apply the remedy is also worthy of consideration. I would suggest:

1. Careful and much reading of God's word.
2. While thus reading remove all selfishness.
3. Consecrated prayer to understand his word.
4. A hearty reliance upon God and his promises.
5. When we approach him in prayer, try to feel that he is not far away from us, but near, yea at our side and we talking to him. And if our requests are not granted at once, let us wait, he will do that which is best. The Jerusalem brethren and sisters prayed, prayer after prayer for the deliverance of Peter and yet their prayers were not answered until the last moment.

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And mount to its summit round by round."

Home Circle

The Everlasting Arms

Like a cradle, rocking, rocking,
Silent, peaceful, to and fro;
Like a mother's sweet looks dropping
On the little face below—
Hangs the green earth, swinging, turning,
Jarless, noiseless, safe and slow;
Falls the light of God's face, bending
Down, and watching us below.

And as feeble babes that suffer,
Toss and cry, and will not rest,
Are the ones the tender mother
Holds the closest, loves the best;
So when we are weak and wretched,
By our sins weighed down, distressed,
Then it is that God's great patience
Holds us closest, loves us best.

—Saxe Holm.

Saving that Is Loss

Carrie E. Garrett, in Woman's Home Companion.

Isn't it possible to have too much economy? If we scrimp and pinch every bit of sweetness out of life, what a heavy price we pay for economy! Often one may lose a friend, or catch a disastrous cold, or miss a train for some little miserable point of economy. People often laboriously save at an actual loss. A woman will press her way to a bargain counter at danger of life and limb and pickpockets, and go away radiant with a pair of 59-cent gloves which will last about three wearings. The same woman will go to an incompetent dressmaker and have her new gown ruined in the name of economy. "Economy is wealth," sayeth the wise saw, but the poor make believe economy which over-reaches itself defeats its own purpose and leads to nothing but the direst poverty of spirit and purse. Before rashly deciding on a point of economy it is fully worth while to sit down and figure out which is the more profitable, to leave the gas burning or waste matches.

Enjoy As You Go

Family Friend.

Some people mean to have a good time when their hard work is done—say, at fifty. Others plan to enjoy themselves when their children are grown up. Others mean to take their pleasure when they get to be rich, or when their business is built up on a sure foundation, or the farm is paid for, or the grind of some particular sorrow is overpast.

Such persons might as well give up ever having a good time. The season of delight, which is so long waited and hoped for, too rarely comes. Disease, poverty, death, claim each his victims. The lives of those whom we love, or our own, go out, and what is left?

Then take your pleasure to-day, while there is yet time. Things may not be in the best shape for that visit you have been so long planning to your only sister. It might be better if you could wait till you had a more stylish suit of clothes, or till the boy was at home from college to look after the place; but she is ready now. You are both growing old—you had better go.

John drives round with the horse. "Jump in, mother," he says. "It is a lovely day. You need the fresh air." Don't say, "I can't go—I was intending to make some cakes," or "My dress isn't changed." Put on your warm coat, tie a veil around your hat, and take your ride. If you don't take such things when you can get them, they are apt to be shy when you want them again.

Don't say, "I shall be glad when that child is grown up? What quantities of trouble he makes!" No—enjoy his cunning ways—revel in his affectionate hugs and kisses—they will not be so plentiful by and by. Enjoy his childhood. It will look sweet to you when it is gone forever.

Enjoy the littles of every day. The great favors of fortune come to but few, and those who have them tell us that the quiet, homely joys that are within the reach of us all, are infinitely the best. Then let us not cast them away, but treasure every sunbeam, and get all the light and warmth from it that the blessing holds.

Each Fives Two Lives

Ian Maclaren.

It is difficult to know whom one ought to pity or envy, for one knows so little about the inner life. You have often been concerned about a neighbor because he had lost a child, or was in narrow circumstances, or suffered from weak health, or was out of society. Perhaps you would have saved your sympathy for some more needy case had you dwelt for an hour in that man's soul, which was closed against the vexations of the world, which was enriched with the gifts of God, where the divine peace ever rested, and the angels of God were frequent guests. You have in thought congratulated another friend because all things seem to work together for his good, and the sun is ever shining on his life. You had changed your mind after one glimpse into his soul, with its fierce passions, its unredeemed materialism, its dominant selfishness, its black unbelief. For each man lives two lives—the one in the outer court, where the world comes and goes; and the one within the veil—where he is alone, and the real joy of living is the light of God within the sense of victory.

Religious In the Home

Evangelical.

No other place is so important to any one as his own home. It is here that he divests himself of formality and assumed dignity, and appears as he is. Here his real character displays itself. To know one properly, he must be studied in his domicile. Home is more than a place of shelter and rest. It is the place where genuine character is formed. It is in reality the place where character is not only formed, but where only it is justly measured. One can never be superior to what he is under his own roof, by his own fireside, in the bosom of his own family.

Home life is the real test of one's religious life. An experience of religion which does not enter the home is spurious. Here it is